

MARYKNOLL

• THE FIELD AFAR •



November  1946



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The Maryknoll Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul

Address all communications:
The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York

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Thirty million people are starving today in nineteen Chinese provinces

Since some State laws differ in their requirements for wills, write for our free booklet:
The Making of a Catholic Will.

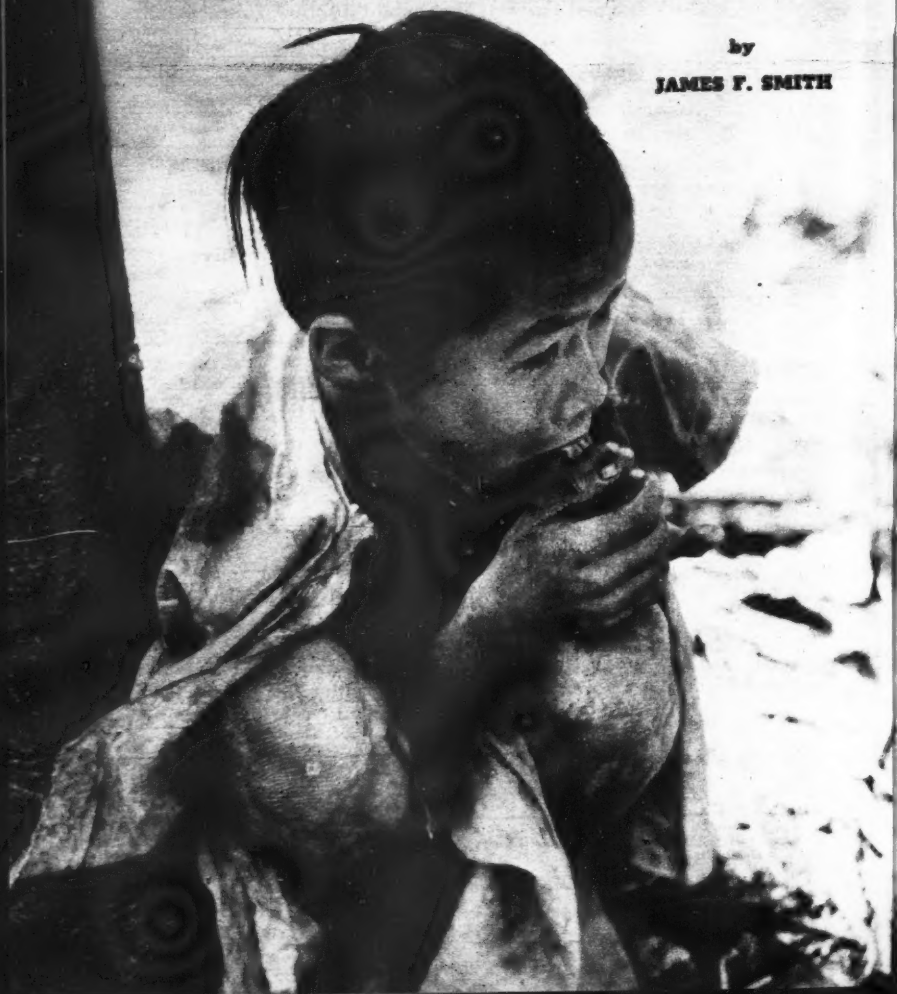
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FAMINE!!

by

JAMES F. SMITH



THE AMERICAN PEOPLE — ever big-handed and openhearted—are now being asked to sacrifice a little more than ever before, to share their bounty with the starving peoples of the world. This present emergency, however, is one which requires more than charity: it requires sacrifice. If we are to save the world from starvation, we must give more than the extra cash in our pockets. We must give the very food from our tables.

Very few of us in America have ever experienced real hunger; very few have ever seen starvation. To see it day after day; to live with it; to see people dying little by little—that is one of the most difficult phases of mission life. And it is all so unnecessary. If the people were sick, we priests could perhaps remedy the disease; if they were wounded, we could nurse them. But there is nothing to be done in the face of starvation when no food is available.

A man does not stand around arguing right and wrong with the person who ran over his brother; he gets help to the injured man quickly, and leaves the arguments for later. The position of the American people today is similar. Our brothers in Europe and Asia have been hurt. We must provide help now, lest they die.

Rice Line

If the American people could see a Chinese rice line at one of the Maryknoll missions, they would have a better understanding of what starvation means. Before the sun is up, crowds begin to gather at the mission gates, which cannot open for another two hours. It is important to be among the first, for supplies are limited. As the people crouch motionless on their heels in Oriental fashion, the dusk makes them look like so many bushes growing

out of the ground. By huddling closely together, they try to offset the biting chill of early morning. There is complete silence; conversation could be about only one topic—food—and that would augment the gnawing pains of their ever-present hunger.

It took some of the crowd hours to get to the mission, for a man cannot walk quickly or safely when he is lightheaded from lack of food. It may seem a waste of time to crouch there in the dark—but what is time to a man who measures his days by the mouthfuls of food he may beg from others? His time is very little payment for something that will dull the ache in his stomach.

Voice of the River

AMERCIFUL darkness hides the miserable thoughts which find expression in the hopeless cast of the people's faces. Their daily walk to the mission takes them across the bridge leading out of the city. What a temptation the smooth, deep, and peaceful waters must be to souls who know no peace! The soft voice of the water must be a siren's song, calling them from their continuous suffering, luring them with thoughts of the peace they might find in her bosom. But life is sweet to even the most wretched, and the spark of hope is extinguished only with the last dying gasp. As the gray dawn begins to lighten the shadows, familiar shapes can be recognized among the motionless crowd. Here are an old couple who were once prosperous farmers. A few years ago they had already begun to taste the sweetness of rest after a hard life's work. Their children were industrious and filial. The old man had realized the dream of his life: leisure to sit in the sun with his grandchildren about his feet, while younger hands tilled the fields; enough coppers in his purse to join

his cronies for an afternoon's talk fest at the teahouse. His wife had become the matriarch of a large and happy household, whose daughters cared for her and gently obeyed her every command. But soon the dream was shattered. The army took the couple's sons, and nothing has been heard from them; the daughters had to be sent away in the face of the enemy's advance; their home was looted and burned; their animals were slaughtered, and their tools destroyed. The father and mother are now too old and feeble to work. For them, life is fading, but it is not the quiet sundown after a peaceful day: their skies are black with despair. They are fighting for life, begging a mouthful of food, only to keep the little piece of dream still left to them — the hope that one day their children may return.

Baby Must Live

HERE is a young mother with her babe strapped to her back. He can sleep because his stomach is full; he doesn't know that her share is carefully saved for him, that every mouthful he takes deprives her of that much food. But she is so weak now that she can scarcely carry him. Soon she will collapse, and then who will care for her little one? The voice of the river must have been strong in her ears this morning, but she has more than herself to think of: her baby must be given the chance to live. She has been planning day by day to leave him at the door of the convent, for she knows that the Sisters will take care of him, but she cannot bring herself to part from him.

Here is a man who was a merchant in the city. He once stood in the doorway of his shop and gave pennies to beggars who asked him for help, and now he is a beggar himself. Some of his former customers are beside him, waiting for a bowl of gruel

that he wouldn't have offered even to beggars a few years ago. He is humiliated at finding himself here, but he bears his humiliation with the fierce determination to go on fighting to the last. His courage is the kind that will not admit defeat while there is life in his body.

At the edge of the crowd is a strange group — all children. They should be with their parents, but the families of these children lie beneath the rubble of their bombed homes. They should be laughing and screaming at one another as children do, but these little ones have forgotten how to laugh. Their young faces look old and tired; their eyes are covered with a film of semiconsciousness; their swollen lips are carved in a pattern of hopelessness. Some of them have never known anything but war, brutality, and starvation; they live in a world that seems to hate them, and they, in turn, throb with a deep hatred for it and everything in it.

At last the gates are opened, and the crowd surges forward. The thought of food lends strength to their limbs. Sometimes panic strikes those on the outer fringes as they nervously compute the numbers ahead of them. Starving people are no respecters of person: without strict supervision on the part of the priests, they might tear one another to pieces in the mad scramble to get to the front!

Gratitude for Crumbs

EVERYONE receives one bowl of hot cereal. Their gratitude is pitiful. The thoughtlessness of the children can be easily forgiven as they plunge their faces into the hot food even before the pouring is finished, and then shuffle off, licking the bits that fell on their fingers. Tears well up in the eyes of the old folk as they try to stammer out their thanks. Men who were once strong, and proud of their strength,

do not trust themselves to speak; but the quick look, before they drop their eyes and slouch away, tells their gratitude better than words could express it.

The distribution is over. Hunger has been checked for a little while, but each person received barely enough to keep him or her alive. The rest of the day must be spent in searching for other food — in the fields, in the rubble of destroyed buildings, even in the sewers. Today the crowd is all going in one direction. Word has been passed that the soil of a certain field could be eaten safely, if prepared with grass; at least it would fill the stomach and kill the pain of hunger. Yesterday there was the discovery of roots buried deep in the ground — but everyone who ate them became ill, and a few died. The day before, someone had found a large cache of bones; and the day before that, there was something else. And so the everlasting quest goes on.

Where will it all stop? The answer is in the hands of the American people. They have already given generously of their money, and that will greatly help. But money cannot buy what does not exist; war has devastated the farmlands of Europe and Asia. It will be years before these lands will be able to feed the people as they did before. In the meantime, our unscarred farms are producing more than we need; our tables are loaded with food in plenty. If we are to keep the hungry people alive until they can feed themselves again we must sacrifice a good part of all the wheat and grains our country produces.

We may miss those foods a little bit. In a physical sense, we may even have to suffer; but we shall have the great spiritual satisfaction of knowing that by our efforts mankind is being saved from a cruel and meaningless death. We shall be able to eat our bread in peace.



Baby eats because Mother does not



This Chinese boy may some day be another Bob Feller. Until then he will live in a Catholic orphanage.



A dismal future of drudgery—even slavery — faces this Indian girl. She knows nothing of Christianity.



Too young to know the ruin that has befallen his country, this tot of Japan may one day know Christ.



Robust American youth, with their golden opportunities, have an obligation of helping their fellowmen.



Every child loves to act. This lad in South Africa is no exception. Perhaps he is imitating teacher.



What child doesn't like a party? Fiesta time in Guatemala brings this pair to the church plaza.

Kids are Kids

by ALBERT J. NEVINS

EAST SIDE, west side, anywhere in the world, boys and girls are remarkably similar. The similarity is not in external or accidental characteristics, but in essential human nature. Children everywhere laugh the same laughter, weep the same tears, hope the same hopes, dream the same dreams. They are all equal because God created them. All share in the eternal heritage of Christ's passion. Yet millions the world over are not aware of the saving teachings of Christianity.

We, who possess that message, have been commanded to carry it to all men. God has made clear what He wants us to do: "Go, teach all nations." Only if that command is fulfilled, will there be true joy in the land, faith to provide security, and charity to soothe troubled spirits.

Inside Ecuador

by JOHN J. CONSIDINE

SOME thirty years ago, the city of Guayaquil, in Ecuador, was one of the pest holes of Latin America. Its problem appealed to General Gorgas, of Panama Canal fame, and through his good offices the eminent Japanese scientist, Hideyo Noguchi, effected a sanitary rejuvenation that was a model of its kind. With its broad bund along the harbor front, in modest imitation of Shanghai, Guayaquil is today a classic example of a tropical port.

The Bishop of Guayaquil has 700,000 souls under his care, and but thirty-eight priests to handle the task. Most of the priests are in the city, so that great portions of the countryside are woefully neglected.

To obtain a much-needed increase in the clergy, the Bishop hopes to start a preparatory school. But the biggest hurdle is the attitude of the people toward the priesthood. Most of the good families are ashamed to have a son enter the clergy; priests are socially below caste with them. The middle-class families are few. Boys from the lower classes seldom have sufficient training or even elementary home background, so that as a whole they are regarded as unreliable. It seems that the Bishop has the job of lifting himself by his own bootstraps!

In consequence of this situation, the Ecuadorian coast country must be added to the list of those areas in Latin America wherein distressful social and religious conditions have created a sad picture of Church life. The remedy is spiritual "pump priming" by forces brought in from the outside. It was to this end that Bishop Heredia, of Guayaquil, invited Maryknol-

lers to take up work in his diocese. The Maryknollers have only a house in the city, but they labor in the jungle country of Los Rios Province.

The journey out of Guayaquil up into that jungle country is over paths of dust as fine as talcum powder. Only in the dry season can the roads be used; at other times travel is by boat. There are five "road months" in the dry season; five "river months" in the wet season; and a month sandwiched between each season, when neither road nor river may be traversed. The region about Guayaquil is the most fertile part of Ecuador.

Scattered Population

FORTY miles from Guayaquil is the deep fastness of the tropical jungle. The Duale, Babahoyo, and Vinces Rivers count a heavy population. Most of the people along their banks live in thatched huts elevated on stilts. Everything reminds one of the Amazon Basin.

Los Rios Province, where Bishop Heredia has asked Maryknoll to work, is half the size of the State of Connecticut and has a population of 150,000. Hence, while Connecticut has 348 persons per square mile, Los Rios has but 65. But for Latin America, this is quite populous; the Los Rios Maryknollers have many more people per square mile than have their confreres in the Bolivian Pando, on the other side of the Andes.

Palenque is an outpost of Brooklyn overseas, for it is the residence of Father Thomas Wynne, formerly of that fair borough. Palenque struck me immediately as a motion-picture set for a shooting

town of the Far West. Along its plaza is a line of ugly, unpainted, clapboard fronts; before them, all day, several horses are hitched to posts, and their riders loll in the shade of the open-front shops.

The Palenque church is really huge, and it can accommodate 1,000 worshippers. "Not that we have that number at the moment," commented Father Wynne. "There are 1,200 people in the town proper, besides some thousands in the neighboring country. Hardly ten per cent of the townsfolk come to Mass. The town is proud of its Catholic past, but shows very little vigor in the present. However, things are getting better."

For the moment, the priest's quarters are rooms off the choir loft, up near the belfry of the church. Since the construction is distinctly tropical, the edifice, of wood, is not tightly closed. For generations bats, owls, and other winged creatures have flown in and out at will. A good many chose to live there permanently; and hence a hammock net is needed, to keep off not only tiny mosquitoes, but also larger flying creatures.

"Very little moves during the day," Father Wynne explained, as we stood in the choir loft and looked out through the church, "but at night traffic gets too heavy for comfort! If you'll look into the darkness high above the sanctuary, now, you'll see our friends the owls."

Some day, I agreed, Palenque must have a worthy house of God, in place of this immense crate with its walls of reed and its crude fittings, all of them befouled with bat and owl dung.

The ebb and flow in the blood stream of town life were well demonstrated for us when we reached Quevedo. Years ago, while Palenque basked in relative affluence as one of the coast country's spirited communities, Quevedo was a humble settle-



"For the poor you have always with you —"



Manana, brother, manana! My bones ache

ment forgotten by the world. But now new and important roads connect it with the port of Manta, not far distant, as a doorway to the sea. So things are looking up, for this community of 8,000 people, who are in a fever of excitement over the new church that it is building.

The prime mover in the project is Father Hugo Gerbermann, a hard-riding and hard-working Texan who has stirred the Ecuadorians in the Quevedo area in more ways than one. At his prompting, they have torn down the forlorn structure that was serving them as chapel and have started an edifice of which the town can be proud. To prove their enthusiasm, the local citizens contributed 10,000 *suces* — which is 700 U. S. dollars — in one day, a heretofore-unheard-of achievement throughout this countryside.

"You will never know what good the North American priest is accomplishing in these parts," remarked Luis Serano, one of Quevedo's fine gentlemen, to a visiting Maryknoller. "We have had excellent priests of our own, such as Padre Fiallos of Vinces, and, frankly, the general public would much prefer to have its own priests. But to my mind, the salvation of the coast country lies in having among us priests such as Father Gerbermann, who makes a business of triumphing over all obstacles. This attitude is the gift God has given to the young priests trained in the United States. It means rich, new blood in the life stream of the Church in Ecuador."

"Schools are the great need in Ecuador," continued Don Serano. "A bad feature in the Ecuadorian educational system is the pitifully low rate of salaries paid to our teachers. At present in our rural schools, many teachers get but 200 *suces* a month — which is less than twenty dollars. This means that only those men desperate for



Texan Father Gerbermann discusses plowing and church with an Ecuadorian

enough money to buy food take jobs as teachers, and our children suffer in consequence."

There are well-established families in the coast country, such as the Seranos. Indians, who are relatively few on the coast, are meek, and they suffer much because of it. The majority of the inhabitants are represented by the celebrated *montubio* of the lowland — the independent, often shiftless, *mestizo*, who is very different from the native of the highlands.

The *montubio* earns little and has little, principally because he has chosen to live as he pleases. He can be said to be sixty per cent Indian, thirty per cent white, and ten per cent Negro. He lives in a rickety hut and spends much time catching fish. His diet includes chicken, a bit of goat, an occasional piece of beef, plentiful helpings of rice, and bananas — raw or baked. He likes *coladas*, a heavy soup thickened with barley flour. He is naturally a swimmer and a good woodsman, but he is not a good workman.

"How to put ambition in the *montubio*:

that is the main problem of the coast country," remarked one of the Maryknollers. "However, the problem simplifies itself," he added, "when we recognize that it is not a question of changing the *montubio* as he stands before us today — for he is what he is, and we cannot remake him over-night — but it is a question of molding his children, and his children's children."

The happiest man in Quevedo on the day the cornerstone of the new church was laid was Bishop Heredia, a kindly gentleman with strong Indian features. He sought to express his thanks to the Maryknollers who had come to his aid, but the venture was too much for the fullness of his heart — the zealous prelate burst momentarily into tears. Nobody will know what anguish of spirit scores of bishops in Latin America experience as they contemplate the great numbers of their people who are leaderless while the dangers to souls steadily increase. The bishops themselves are helpless without shepherds to assign to their flocks.

Maryknoll's New General

by JOHN J. CONSIDINE

THE Xaverian Brothers of St. John's Preparatory School in Danvers, Massachusetts, have always been solicitous that their graduates should choose worthwhile careers. On an afternoon in the summer of 1913, one of them telephoned to a young man in Lawrence, who had just completed his studies at St. John's.

"Is this Raymond Lane? Raymond, I have a proposal for your future. Have you made any plans?"

"Oh yes, Brother, I have made up my mind quite definitely. I will enter Maryknoll this fall."

"Wonderful, Raymond! My heartfelt congratulations."

"Well," said the Brother to a companion as he hung up, "I'm very happy for Raymond, but there goes my choice candidate."

"How is that?" asked the other.

"Raymond Lane is going to Maryknoll. I had planned to present him as a candidate for West Point."

Instead of the hoary majesty of the great military training school on the Hudson, the simple setting of a city in Pennsylvania's coal-mining region was to be the site of Raymond Lane's temporary home in the autumn. With a few other students, he lived in a small house on Clay Avenue, in Scranton, and attended classes at the near-by St. Thomas College.

Later, the little group were moved to the farmhouse on Sunset Hill, outside Ossining, New York, where Maryknoll pioneers were living in rather primitive conditions. There the young seminarian enjoyed the privileged company of Maryknoll's Cofounders, Fathers Walsh and Price. In 1920, Raymond Lane was raised

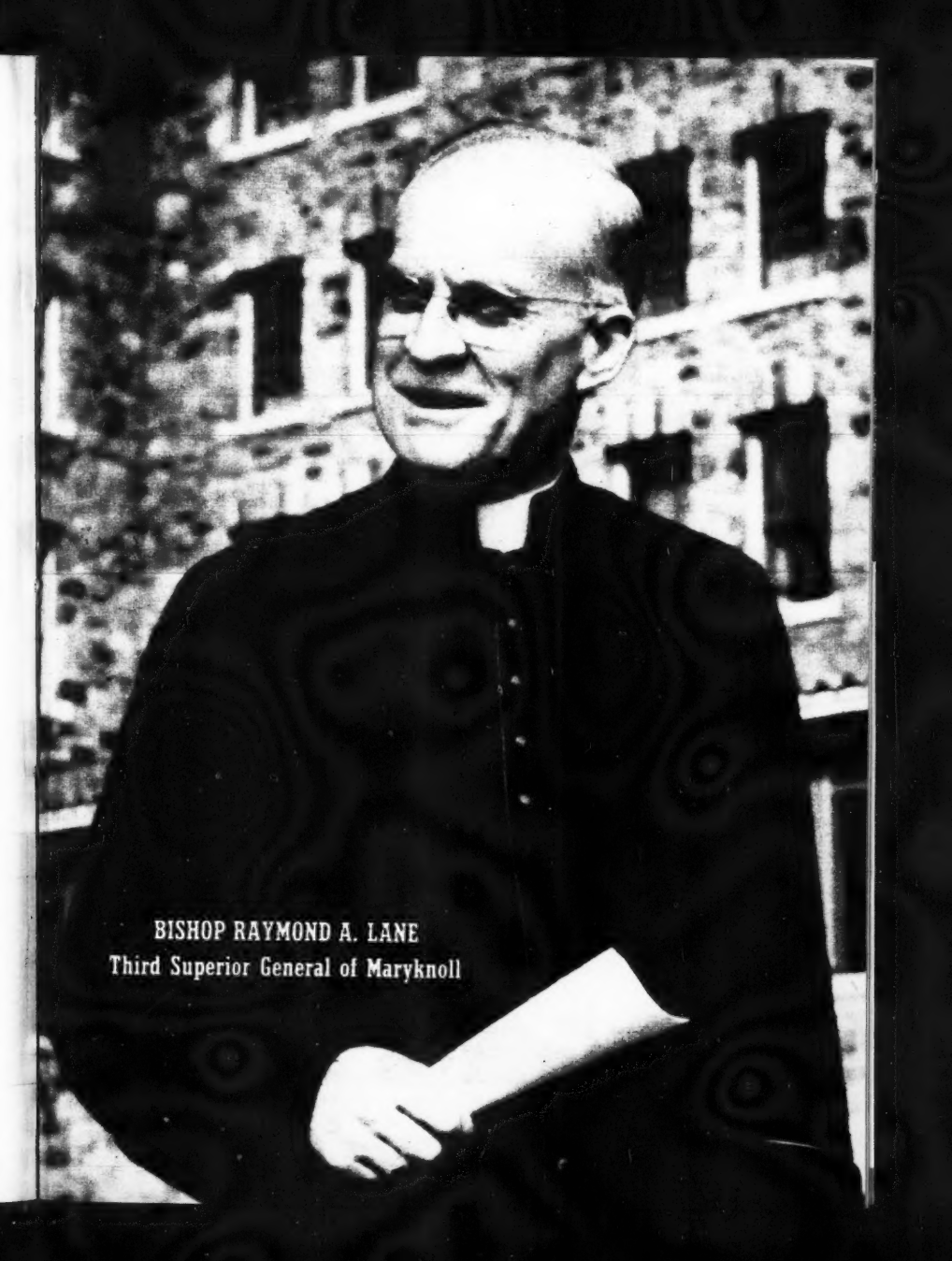
to the dignity of the priesthood, as a member of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

The first Maryknoll mission band of four priests went to South China in 1918. The young Father Lane, though he had to wait until 1923, was still among the first twenty-five Maryknollers to go overseas. He labored in South China and then in Manchuria. He and Father Joseph McCormack were the founders of Maryknoll's northernmost mission. Father Lane established his headquarters at Fushun, celebrated as the site of the largest open-cut coal mines in the world.

Hair-Raising Incidents

BUT Fushun was only one little corner of the Manchuria mission. For the most part, the great area was a thinly settled, open plain, a new country into which Chinese were pouring by thousands. Law and order were rudimentary, and companies of bandits prowled incessantly, plaguing the farmers.

Father Lane received new contingents of young priests from Maryknoll, and they took up posts throughout that boisterous countryside. Soon life for the young mission superior became a litany of hair-raising incidents in which now one, now another, of his priestly workers figured. Usually they came through without harm — often with sparkling and even humorous experiences in which American resourcefulness and hardihood proved more than a match for the Oriental Robin Hoods. But sometimes it was otherwise: Father Clarence Burns was a prisoner of bandits for nine months; and in 1938, Father

A black and white portrait of Bishop Raymond A. Lane. He is an older man with glasses, wearing a dark clerical suit with a white collar. He is holding a rolled-up document in his hands. The background is a blurred image of a building with many windows.

BISHOP RAYMOND A. LANE
Third Superior General of Maryknoll

Gerard Donovan, after five months of cruel captivity, was found strangled to death on a bleak Manchurian hillside.

In 1932, the Holy See made the Fushun territory a Prefecture, and its superior a Monsignor. In 1940, the area became a Vicariate, and its leader a Bishop. Bishop-elect Lane was consecrated in St. Mary's in Lawrence, on June 11, 1940.

But Bishop Lane was back in the tense Far East hardly a year when the fateful day of December 7, 1941 dawned. After news of the bombing of Pearl Harbor reached them, the American missionaries knew what to expect. As the shadows of evening fell, the Japanese came, requesting His Excellency and the priests at the mission center to climb into a Japanese army truck slated for prison.

Standing in the truck, Bishop Lane threw the keys of the tabernacle into the capable hands of Sister Mary Lelia, superior of the Maryknoll Sisters, and rode off into the night for an imprisonment that totaled three years and eight months. For a preliminary period, the confinement camp was in Mukden; but after the ma-

jority of his clergy were sent home to America on the *Gripsholm*, the Bishop and Fathers McGurkin and Jacques were transferred far north, to Szepeinghai, and placed with the Canadians.

With V-J Day, in August 1945, came liberty. Bishop Lane immediately wrote to Bishop Walsh at Maryknoll, and his casual buoyancy was characteristic. "One could say frankly," he remarked in his first paragraph, "that many a priest might envy our opportunity to have time, in the middle of one's life, to look back on one's work with all its mistakes and shortcomings, and to gain from this reflection much profit for the future."

Bishop Lane's confreres have taken him at his word. The popular, story-telling priest of Maryknoll's beginnings, the steady-handed superior of "the bandit mission," the prisoner of war days, now must be a successor to the eminent leadership of Bishop James Anthony Walsh and Bishop James Edward Walsh as Superior General of Maryknoll. Every friend of Maryknoll will pray earnestly that Bishop Lane may enjoy God's loving guidance.

Assistants to the Maryknoll General



Fr. T. S. Walsh,
of Chile



Fr. J. R. O'Donnell,
of Manchuria



Fr. F. C. Dietz,
China and Rome



Fr. E. F. Higgins,
of Bolivia

THANKSGIVING



"THANK YOU, GOD! We, the children of China, are grateful. And a bit puzzled, too.

"We were hungry, and You had the people of America send us rice. Thousands of us are alive who would have starved if You had not done that.

"We were ragged, and the people of America gave us clothing. In the bitter war winters, homeless as we were on the roads in the snow, we could not have lived without those gifts.

"We were sick, and even the best of doctors cannot cure without medicine. That, too, was supplied, and that was a third gift of life.

"We will not forget, we Chinese. But we wonder.

"Helping friends and family is a normal part of our life, but it would never occur to us to help strangers. Yet we are strangers to those Americans who have helped us mightily.

"We talked this puzzle over with the Maryknoll Fathers. They said that the

people were good to us because You, God, are their Father and ours, too, and this makes us brothers. They said that the people in America consider us their brothers.

"They must. The food and clothing and medicine prove it.

"Their behavior makes sense if that is really the way they feel; but the idea is a surprising one. We must think it over. We must talk more to the Maryknoll Fathers about it.

"We will. We owe our lives to that idea of the Americans, which the Fathers tell us, God, was Your idea."

Now, the hour of China's gratitude and continued need, is our opportunity to win souls by the example of charity. Remember that, when you convert a Chinese, you win his family and the generations who will follow! Whatever you can and will spare for our work today, will be worth many times as much later. Please help now. Write to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.

To the Missions They Go

(The total mission assignments this year is now 91)



Father John Troesch,
of Springfield, Ill., to
China.



**Father John
McMahon,** of New
York City, to Bolivia.



**Father William
McCarthy,** of Water-
bury, Conn., to Peru.



**Father John Mur-
rett,** of Buffalo, N. Y.,
to Japan.



**Father Edward
Brophy,** of Lexing-
ton, Ky., to Chile.



**Father William
Murphy,** of Syracuse,
N. Y., to Japan.



**Father William
McDonald,** of Brook-
lyn, N. Y., to Ecuador.

Blind Altar Boy

by JOHN M. McLOUGHLIN

JOE STONE's one ambition in life was to be an altar boy. But Joe — or Ah Shek, as we used to call him — was blind; he had been so for eight of his twelve years. Still, he hoped that eventually he could serve at the altar, and that hope brought him to daily Mass, where he was one of the most attentive and devout of worshippers.

Joe's father was a gold miner, but, like most seekers of quick riches in China, he earned from his daily toil barely enough for his own needs. As a result, it fell to the lot of Joe's mother to be the family rice winner. She did odd jobs, gathering enough to support the boy and his younger sister. Joe earned an occasional copper, by running errands or doing such tasks as his nimble fingers were fitted for.

One day he handed a fistful of change to the priest with the remark, "Father, will you please say a Mass for my Dad? He's up there in the gold-mining country, and it's pretty dangerous — with tigers and bandits!"

Joe's father meant a lot to him, even though "Pop" never succeeded in bringing to reality all the promises he had made to his son.

Dream Come True

JOE's character made such an impression on us that we decided finally to help him realize his ambition to be an acolyte. For the ceremonies of Forty Hours, we needed a cross-bearer to lead the procession. Why couldn't Joe do that? He could — and did.

For several days before the ceremony, he lived most of the time at the mission. We led him over the route to be followed,

and each succeeding day found him measuring and counting the steps to be taken — studying when to make a turn, when to stop, and when to start. Finally he had so perfected his march that, despite his sightless eyes, he knew the way better than we did.

We secured a cassock and surplice for Joe; we even found a good-looking pair of cloth shoes for him. It was a happy boy who led the procession, a smile curling the corners of his mouth. That was his day! Joe was an inspiration to everyone that morning, as he performed his task faultlessly. When we filed into the sacristy after Mass, he stood at attention, still holding the cross, and we saw that on it he had fastened a pin to indicate when the *corpus* faced front.

Eternal Sight

His first words were, "Father, did I do all right?" There was only one answer possible.

When the war came, Joe and his mother and sister were forced to seek safety in the mountains. (His father was still up in the gold fields.) The three came to attend our last Mass at the mission, and to ask a final blessing before leaving for their new home.

At the cessation of hostilities, on our return to the devastated mission, we inquired, but could get no information about the little family. We believe that Joe may have gone "home" indeed — as another of war's victims. If so, we like to think of him leading a procession of angels, his eyes now all aglow with eternal sight — an altar boy at the throne of God.

American Prestige in Japan

by PATRICK J. BYRNE

Maryknoll's Kyoto superior spent the length of the war "quarantined" in a house in Japan. He describes the war from the people's viewpoint.

MY KNOWLEDGE of the progress of the war was based on the theory of evolution, more or less. Now everybody knows that the apes, from whom we may probably have descended, like warm places — they hug the torrid zone; and that, as man evolved, he conquered his distaste for cold and got more and more northward as his intelligence developed, till finally he has reached the apex of intellectualism in the Esquimaux.

I soon discovered that in somewhat the same manner the war, too, was evolving more and more northward. It was absurdly easy to read between the lines and so to correct the accounts dished out to the public by the gangster Government that has ruled and ruined this country (Japan).

In the English-language newspapers allowed for the benefit of some thousands of Germans, some hundreds of other nationals, and those Japanese who wanted to "keep up their English," there were reports of all the battles — from Guadalcanal onwards.

Landings

THESE battles usually attended landings; or, to be more correct, as the Japanese papers had 'em, "attempts at landings." You may be surprised to know that none of these attempts succeeded; they were all "failures," each and everyone of them.

From years ago, I had an excellent

map of the Pacific, a National Geographic issue, and on this I always marked, in red ink, a circle around the "attempt at landing" and the date. Now these attempts were all, as I have said, rank failures; but it became evident in no time at all (once the swing back from Guadalcanal started) that all these "failures" of the American forces were marching steadily northwards; the defeats of the GI's kept coming nearer and nearer to Japan — till finally there happened Saipan.

Then, for the first time, the Japanese began to realize that their Government had been fooling them. Saipan was too near Japan, too big, to be either concealed or distorted as a victory. It was more devastating than the atomic bomb that was to come later. It brought to the great mass of the people the shocking revelation that all their promised victory, their certain future of abundance and even wealth, was no more than the groundless and stupid propaganda of an incompetent Government.

Veil Lifted

THIS rude awakening was all the rougher from the previous gullibility that had taken as absolute fact the rosy assurances that Japan had practically finished the war; that she was "sitting on top of the world" and had no need to do more than hang on a bit longer, till Hitler should finish his part over in Europe. It was the absolute certainty of a Nazi victory that had led the military Government of Japan into the war. Now, with mounting Nazi defeats added to the catastrophe of Saipan, the veil was lifted from the common



A goldfish peddler in Yokohama fascinates the children of the neighborhood

people's eyes: for the first time, they saw things in their stunning reality; and around the corner not victory, but ruin.

If a Japanese were caught speaking to me, it would mean three days of detention and questioning for him, at the nearest police station; but my "quarantined" house was on the outskirts of the city, so it was rather easy to discover if the coast were clear. Moreover, my cook's clogs, on the back porch, arranged in a certain way, meant "There's a cop inside"; or conversely, "The coast's clear."

Consequently, I had occasional visitors who disclosed the feelings of *hoi polloi*, who kept me in touch with the steady change in the attitude of the people towards their Government: a revolutionary change from confidence and optimism; to confidence with resentment for restrictions; to doubt — and greater resentment; to contempt — when, after the fall of Saipan, Premier Tojo was false to all samurai tradition in not committing suicide, after having ordered it for all the

men, women, and children on Saipan; to conviction of defeat — with the fall of Manila; and to absolute despair for themselves, when the Government's propaganda told them what was going to happen to them at the hands of the vengeful victors. (But the despair was to pass quickly for the GI's in a very few days proved to the people that their own Government had thoroughly deceived them.)

No Resentment

THE most amazing aspect of the post-war situation is the total and absolute lack of any resentment against America, for the devastated cities. It took considerable time for the Americans to realize that this was sincere and not camouflage, hypocrisy. For all I know, it may well be both on the part of certain individuals: those who had any connection with the former Government, the military, the big industrialists. But certainly on the part of the average Japanese, it is quite sincere.

To us, over here, the reason is very

evident. The people of Japan are all of them, by their very own observation, aware that this destruction should be attributed not to the B-29's that dropped the bombs, but to the Government that invited them to do so. What I mean is that the destruction of all these cities of Japan occurred *after* the Government knew it had definitely lost the war.

When the American forces landed at Leyte, the Premier, General Koiso, told the Japanese people that this was the decisive battle, that the loss of the Philippines would mean that Japan had lost the whole East Orient war. Everything, said he, hung upon holding the Philippines; if they were lost, then everything would be lost. He said it publicly; he said it repeatedly. And consequently, when the Philippines were lost (as was well known to all by February, 1945, the loss being but emphasized by the fall of Iwo Jima) then the whole country knew that Japan had likewise lost all chance of victory. So far as Japan was concerned, "the war was over."

Ashamed to Admit

BUT all this bombing that has ruined the country occurred after that time; after the Government knew it had lost the whole war; and after the people knew that the Government knew it, but was ashamed to admit it. And after the people realized, bitterly, that, rather than admit it, rather than be publicly ashamed, this Government was quite willing for the whole nation to be reduced to bones and ashes.

This it is that explains the total lack of resentment for the American bombs that actually did the destruction. The blame is placed on the shoulders of those who permitted this destruction when there was no good, no possible chance of victory, to come from it. It is recognized as destruction that came "after the war was lost

and over"; it is a destruction that the subsequent humane conduct of the occupation forces has patently proved was due to no brutal "Nazi" ruthlessness on America's part.

And so we come to today, with the people liberated from a gangster Government, from a gestapo, the "Kempei" that has had them subdued ever since the greatest misfortune that had previously befallen the country; i.e., Japan's victory over Russia at the start of the century, a victory that delivered the country over to the militarists. The country is ruined materially; but if that be the price of liberty, then the people will count it, in the end, gain.

The immediate consequence, for the work of American missionaries, is vast and stimulating. American prestige was never so high. MacArthur has become the idol of the liberated masses; and for years to come, the people will look to America to develop here a similar democracy, as has given America its greatness.

Around two o'clock any afternoon, a passer-by at one of the big buildings of Tokyo would think a severe accident had taken place. I thought so myself, and joined the crowd.

"What's up?" I asked an M.P.

"Oh, it's about time for General MacArthur to come out to lunch," he said.

And there they were, hundreds of them, the common people of Japan, with their kodaks and without them; waiting to see the man they admire above all, the soldier who has become a savior.

"Have you ever seen the Emperor?" I recently asked a Japanese.

"Yes, I've seen the Emperor once," he replied. "But," he added quickly and rather importantly, "I've seen MacArthur twice."

And there you have it.

Buffaloes

by JOHN ROMANIELLO

WHAT do most people talk about in Kweilin? The answer is not hard to find — "Buffaloes!"

One of the calamities of the invasion was the loss of domestic animals: pigs, chickens, cows, and buffaloes. But the buffaloes are lamented most, because without them it is impossible to plow the soil.

Before the war, these huge, peculiarly adapted creatures were a part of every countryside and village landscape. After the rains of the spring had soaked the soil, the Oriental picture of the plowman and his buffalo was everywhere to be seen. Slogging through the dyked fields, slowly dragging plow or harrow, the water buffalo unlocked the energy of the earth for the seedlings to feed upon. Consequently, our Kweilin farmers' anxiety is great: spring is close at hand, and there are no buffaloes to till the soil.

Relief committees, when they meet in conference, talk about rebuilding schools, distributing rice and flour, and finally the problem of buffaloes. If two or three mission Fathers sit talking of an evening, no matter on what subject the conversation begins, before the evening is over it converges on buffaloes.

If a Catholic comes in from the country, he may ask for some medicine or propose some new problem for the Fathers. But before he announces his departure, he is sure to bring up the subject of buffaloes. "If I could

only get hold of one!" And, looking wistfully at the missionary: "If only the Father, with his big heart, could make it possible!"

One afternoon, on my way out to the street, I passed in front of the chapel. I stopped suddenly — for there was a gray buffalo tied to a little tree, placidly munching on some straw.

Three school children were animatedly talking to one another. When they saw me they shouted, "Father, look at the buffalo!" The gatekeeper was standing near, and he said, "You know, Father, that buffalo is a gift from heaven!"

As I gazed at the valuable creature for a moment, I heard voices in the reception room close by. I could tell by the sound that someone was talking about money, and so I went in to see for myself. There was the catechist, Lee, counting out money across the table.

Lee's young son, a boy of sixteen, was standing by, observing his father complete the transaction.

Lee turned to his son and said: "My boy, the buffalo is paid for. Thank the goodness of the Father for his extra help. Go fetch the buffalo. Together we'll walk home and plow the fields!"

No matter how weary the world is, happy is the man who has a cow or buffalo and three acres—especially at this time in Kweilin.



MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA



All Souls

TO PRAY and to be prayed for — these are not the least among the privileges we treasure as our birthright in the household of the Faith. To pray is to walk through life hand in hand with God. And sometimes it is to soar aloft with Him on the wings of the morning; and at times again it is to creep and stumble, and clutch at the hem of His garment in humble compunction; and always it is to dwell halfway in heaven, with the soul rooted and grounded in charity and flooded with peace. Call it a miracle. The other miracle of being prayed for is one we understand less, because its effects remain hidden from our eyes and are not palpably recorded by any sensations. But can those effects be less? We cannot fathom all the divine mercy with which God responds to the plea of a mother for the son lost in battle; we cannot see the smile of Heaven that greets the innocent whisperings of little children. Yet we cannot doubt the efficacy and precious value of every sincere cry to God that swells the great surging chorus of the Communion of Saints, to which we belong. All of us owe much to the prayers that are said for us, and much to those who say them. We shall always be prayed for: in life we are remembered, and in death we are not forgotten. There is all the more reason why we should contribute our own share of earnest prayers and charitable

remembrances to aid those who have gone before us and are now continuing their lives in a closer companionship with God. The Holy Souls need our prayers, and we need the sweet charity of praying for the Holy Souls.

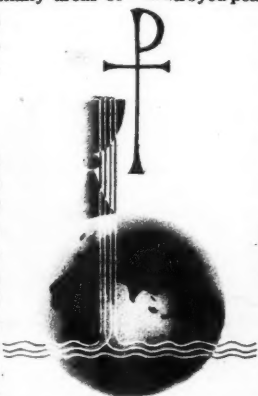
Disappointment

BEREAVEMENTS are always hard; and those that represent the toll of war are particularly poignant because so untimely and so unexpected, not to say so unnecessary. Yet our grief for the loved and lost is not hopeless, for in the victory of our faith there is triumphant consolation. We have in ourselves the answer of death (*II Cor. i: 9*), and we believe that all these young lives cut off in their early promise will obtain rich fulfillment in God. But there is one aspect of their sacrifice in which there is no consolation. It is the spectacle of statesmen in so many lands pursuing the same tactics that led to war before — making the same compromises, approving the same injustices, and enacting the same hypocrisies — at a time when our dead have scarcely been interred in their graves, during the cruel aftermath of a world-wide economic chaos that is still killing hordes of unfortunate human beings by disease and starvation; and all in spite of the fact that they have been solemnly charged, before God and men, with direct responsibility for the

peace of the world. The missionaries who work out on the frontiers of the earth see no cause for optimism in this appalling sight, and their experience leads them to anticipate that the tragic stupidity of it will bear fruit in deep unrest and constant disturbance over many areas of the globe. They have seen it happen so often before. They are disappointed.

Understanding

THE PLEAS for a better understanding of Russia that flood the contemporary press will surely find an answering echo in the hearts of all sincere well-wishers of humanity and friends of peace. We are not sure that the echo will give back the precise tone and emphasis with which the original refrain is being sounded, but we hope the appeal for widespread interest in this important problem will be heeded. Anybody who has an elementary sense of human brotherhood and a proper concern for world peace will wish to comprehend the situation of the deserving Russian people, to learn more about them, to appreciate their fine qualities, to give due tribute to their warm human traits and great intellectual gifts, to sympathize with their needs and aspirations, and to wish them a better fate than the degrading slavery in which they are forced to live. Understanding is precisely what they both need and deserve — and to it should be added heartfelt sympathy and much intercessory prayer.



Meanwhile, it is equally apropos to understand the inherent character of the Soviet System, which has stolen away the soul of this good people; and it is also helpful to understand the complete knavery of the Soviet Government, which has already destroyed peace by trying to force the same

indignity — and with considerable success — on the rest of the world. There is nothing more needed today than an understanding of Russia, and we add this plea to the chorus. The need, however, is for a true understanding of what present-day Russia really is.

Passports

IN OUR Father's house there are many mansions, and the Saviour of the World has gone to prepare a place for us, that where He is we also may be (*John xiv: 2-3*). We shall feel more at home there if we have bestirred ourselves in His cause throughout our little span of exile on earth. Love of God and neighbor is the passport: more fittingly called in Holy Scripture the fulfillment of the law. If it is possible to pass through life without charity, it is not possible to get into heaven without it. November is the month that is dedicated to the Souls in Purgatory, but every month should be filled with charity for both the living and the dead. Other people's needs are our opportunities, and it is by helping others that we truly help ourselves.

Charity must expand, or it will die

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD, ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Our Lord has said,
"Not in bread alone
doth man live; but in
every word that pro-
ceedeth from the
mouth of God." The
missioner works to
bring pagans the spir-
itual food that means
eternal life with God.



Vampires in the Church

by GORDEN N. FRITZ

THIS MONTH had no dull moments. Good weather made it possible to keep our own version of WPA advancing gainfully in our jungle station at Cavinás,



Juan and his pals brought long poles

Bolivia. With the help of the men, we fixed fences and roads, cleaned up the fields, and got the corn harvested. At one point, the gripe and fever crippled our activities. I hastily jerked open the medicine chest, concocted a brew of epsom salts, aspirin, and lemon juice, and gave it to everyone who was sick. All made wry faces trying to get the stuff down, but it evidently made them well — which was the target we were shooting at.

By the end of the month, the firewood was all cut. A round house (for grinding sugar cane, not for a railroad) was completed. In the beginning I had neither a

model in mind nor the experience to build one. The will is what counts here, though. The buildings had to be large — so big that the men characteristically protested they couldn't carry the logs, and even if they could, the oxen couldn't get deep enough into the jungle to bring such big logs out. Pushing the men and the beasts occasionally tested my charity, but the job proved to be so interesting that every one finally was happy to have a part in it. The oxen, when summer comes and they are grinding sugar cane, will be glad of the new building's shelter for their work.

One little event right in the chapel proved to be the most startling experience of the whole period. Since I came here, everyone had been telling me about the local variety of vampires that the region boasts. I listened, but didn't think the creatures would prove to be much more impressive than some of the bats I had seen wheeling around lampposts in the evenings back home.

I didn't give much thought to the subject until one morning, rising earlier than usual, I saw one of the vampires flit up among the chapel rafters. Astonished, I watched a couple of others fly in, a few seconds later. Ordinarily, by the time dawn comes, the vampires are all bedded away, and they stay so until nightfall. That was why I had never seen them before. My eyes popped that morning at the size of them.

I determined to oust the ugly creatures from the chapel. When I had thought of a plan, I called the schoolboys in.

"Cut yourselves long, thin poles," I

told them, explaining my abhorrence and receiving hearty remarks of approval in return. "This evening, before the vampires take off, we'll get every one of them!"

"How, Padre?"

"Never mind," I answered, creating suspense. "Just bring the poles."

The boys gathered poles during the day. At night, after Benediction, we carried a couple of ladders into the chapel and tied them end to end, pointing the combination at the roof. With full respect for an old-time belief about the habits of bats in general, I put on a generous sun helmet. Then, armed with a canoe paddle, I mounted to the heights.

Climbing, I told the boys: "I'll scare them out. You swat them with your poles."

When near enough to the roof, I studied the range where I knew some of the vampires were resting. With the boys holding their breath in suspense below me, I took one great swing at everything in general — nearly falling off the ladder in doing so. The result was an explosion of action.

Instead of a little fluttering of mouse-like bats, which I had thought would be the response to my challenge, an avalanche of real vampires poured out of the recesses. They had eighteen-inch wing spreads, and their bodies were like those of thick, ugly rats. As they came out from the holes, each one seemed to take a puzzled look at me and then swoop out into space.

The boys below almost knocked me off my perch by the animated whoops they let out at the sight of the quarry. They sounded as though they were at a circus. They waved their poles like mad, screaming and shouting in their eagerness for the job. They batted at the wheeling, half-blinded creatures, bringing them down with bloodcurdling yells as much as with their poles. They didn't mean to be irrev-

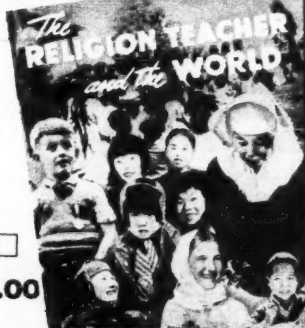
erent in church: the excitement of the moment was too much for them. After a half hour of hair-raising activity, we counted quite a few vampires killed. Some escaped by quick, pin-hole navigation through doors and windows, even though those openings were closely guarded. Probably, after the scare they got, they won't return.

The event for the end of the month was the arrival of a small, shiny porcelain sink — all in one piece. The carpenter, a naïve fellow, saw it first and figured it must be the shower appliance I had been telling him about. He puzzled a moment, wondering how a thing like that could be hung from the ceiling! When I explained that the sink was something one washed only hands and face in, his face fell.

I could almost hear his thought: "Imagine using a beautiful thing like that to wash in, as though it were just a basin!"

LESSONS and STORIES

Grades IV-VI



\$1.00

By Sr. M. Rosalie, M.H.S.M., with
the collaboration of Sr. M. Juliana
of Maryknoll.

Bruce.

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NEW YORK

On the Mission Front

Social Action: — The Institute of Leo XIII has changed its habitat. It has moved from its cradle into larger, more ample quarters. When the Dominicans left town last year, their property, which has a good central location, was secured by the Bishop. Half of it was sold to cover the expenses of buying it, and the other half is being remodeled with up-to-date classrooms and gymnasium. Posters have been placed on the principal street corners in town, and leaflets have been given out, inviting all the workers of the town to the new, modern, night school, where nearly all branches of knowledge are taught — from writing and reading, to advanced electricity.

On the first few nights of enrollment, there were many prospective members who could not be admitted because of the unfinished condition of the building. Others, who didn't have the thirty cents required for registration, begged and pleaded that places be saved for them.

— *Father James F. McNiff, of Peabody, Massachusetts, and Talca, Chile*

His Last Mass: — Sunday morning, as I turned to face the congregation, I saw him, the old gentleman from the hill,

whom we had anointed some months earlier. Visits to him thereafter had revealed that he was piteously crippled, and every effort he made was painful. How he had managed to creep down from his home on the slope beyond the church, was to be learned after Mass.

After much conversation by the side of the road, where our seventy-five-year-old gentleman sat recuperating, I realized that he had spent two painful hours to reach the church. At dinner time he was still unable to return to the hill; after lunch I sought some means of conveyance for his painful journey home. Without a doubt, the Mass was the last one for this faithful Catholic.

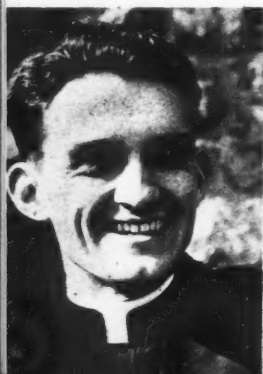
— *Fr. Thomas E. McDermott, of Worcester, Massachusetts, and Galvarino, Chile*

War Prize: — Yu Ching Pen probably would never have come in contact with the Catholic Church if the war had not forced him to flee thousands of miles. He had been a customs official who had met hundreds of persons and could have been a great help in spreading the true Faith. Far from home, Yu longed for the world news he formerly had obtained so easily in the ports of commerce. It was this de-

Father McNiff

Father McDermott

Father Duchesne





Father Byrne



Father Heemskerk



Father Sommer

sire to know "the latest" that brought him to the Maryknoll missionaries. Mixed with the news, were bits of the Gospel; and so he learned something of the truly Christian life. By the time the war was over, he had studied well, and so had his family, and all of them were baptized. The Maryknollers felt that his Chinese name, Ching Pen, which means "First Prize," described perfectly his value to the missions.

— *Father Paul J. Duchesne, of Troy, New York, and Kongmoon, China*

Mission Helper: — One of our missionaries has a four-footed curate named Maru, who has his own mission methods. In his wanderings about town, Maru takes advantage of the Japanese custom of entering a house in one's stocking feet after parking the boots at the door. Worried over this possibly fatal exposure of footwear, Maru considers it his doggone duty to bring the shoes to the rectory for safekeeping.

In more or less overdue time, the owner comes to claim his rights; to receive apologies, cakes, and tea; and to chat awhile about things in general and mayhap Catholicity in particular. And so, once again, "the ice is broken."

— *Father Patrick J. Byrne, of Washington, D. C., and Kyoto, Japan*

Chinese Picture: — A picture that in normal times would never be seen was that of a pig being led by an old man who was carrying an umbrella to shade the pig! The day was a 'late summer one. The pig could hardly keep moving, in the heat of the fiercely blazing sun. And the old man, pitifully dressed in rags, was holding over his treasured beast an umbrella so tattered and torn that it could not really shade the pig. The picture was a most pathetic sight, indeed.

— *Father John C. Heemskerk, of Sassenheim, Holland, and Kongmoon, China*

Bedside Sermon: — I heard some very inspiring words the other day from an old Indian woman who was dying of cancer. "I asked her what she thought about dying.

She replied: "I am suffering very much, but I do not want to die, nor do I want to live. I want only to do what God desires. When the doctor came from Huehuetenango to see the rich lady, I had him come and look at me. Maybe that was wrong. Maybe it was a sin! Jesus didn't have any sins, and He suffered a great deal; and I was trying to get rid of my suffering — I who have many sins!"

— *Father Paul J. Sommer, of Boston, Mass., and Jacaltenango, Guatemala*



IN BRIEF

Opportunity Knocks . . . Father Richard Smith, in Chile, with 90 baptismal books to be indexed, found the Ladies' Sodality surprisingly eager to help with the records. Finally the Padre discovered that everyone wished to learn all the others' real ages.

Hirst's Hearse . . . Moving to another mission, Father Cyril Hirst received questioning, fearful glances from all the passing Chinese. At his destination, the Padre discovered the naked feet of a big statue of Saint Joseph sticking grimly out of their burlap wrapping.

Down Wind . . . Starting catechism classes for Mary-minded school tots, who claimed that Our Lady created the world, Father Walter Sandman, in Chile, found some attentive schoolteachers present also, when the instructions got under way.

Radio Plug . . . A Maryknoll missionary in South China, recovering buried church goods, found his chalice and ciborium badly discolored. With no metal polish on hand, he tried a little tooth paste. It worked like magic. Father is wondering now if the "Pepsipana" people will make it possible for him to rebuild his chapel, if he lets them know about this new use for denture brighteners.

Supermen . . . In Kaying, Father John Donovan, telling a G. I. friend about the deliciousness of bamboo shoots, heard the exclamation: "Boy! You fellows even eat wood!"

Old Times . . . Father Francis MacRae — once of Wuchow, China, and now in Peru — while visiting a hospital, met an old Chinese patient. The latter's eyes danced with pleasure at the familiar Cathay "brogue" that poured out from the Padre's lips. Said the startled doctor: "Come again, Father. There are twenty-eight Chinese here!"

Full Steam . . . Jeep-riding, jeep-sized Father Edwin McCabe, mired in China, permitted 20 hefty coolies to push him out of the way, to get at the jeep. Bent on having an active hand, the missionary blessed everything, and then saw the overturned jeep leap to safety.

Shaped to Fit . . . At Cobija, the Padres have the town's youth engaged in newly learned, spirited soft ball. The Spanish language lends itself well for all terminology, especially for berating the umpire.

Whose Hue . . . Father Herbert Elliott, in Yungfu, China, engaged in his own housing problems, reports spots of progress. The place grew brighter everywhere with the coming of the whitewashers. They even managed to get some of the wash on the walls.

Brotherly Love . . . From a local gray-beard in Filadelfia, Bolivia, Father Ray Bonner obtained 20 minutes of free language practice and some disapproving grunts when he insisted that Philadelphia was his home.

Valiant Women

"In the mighty stream of Catholic mission work, the activity of the Maryknoll Foreign Mission Sisterhood is but a tiny rivulet. Yet, from the very first moment of its conception, the hand of God can be seen in every turn of its destiny."

— Archbishop Cushing



A PICTURE STORY



"Hello! Yes, this is Maryknoll. The Sisters? Why, they are whole-hearted American women who devote their lives to making Christ known.



"Formally founded in 1920, the Congregation has over 800 Sisters. They have missions in the Orient, Oceania, Latin America, and the United States.



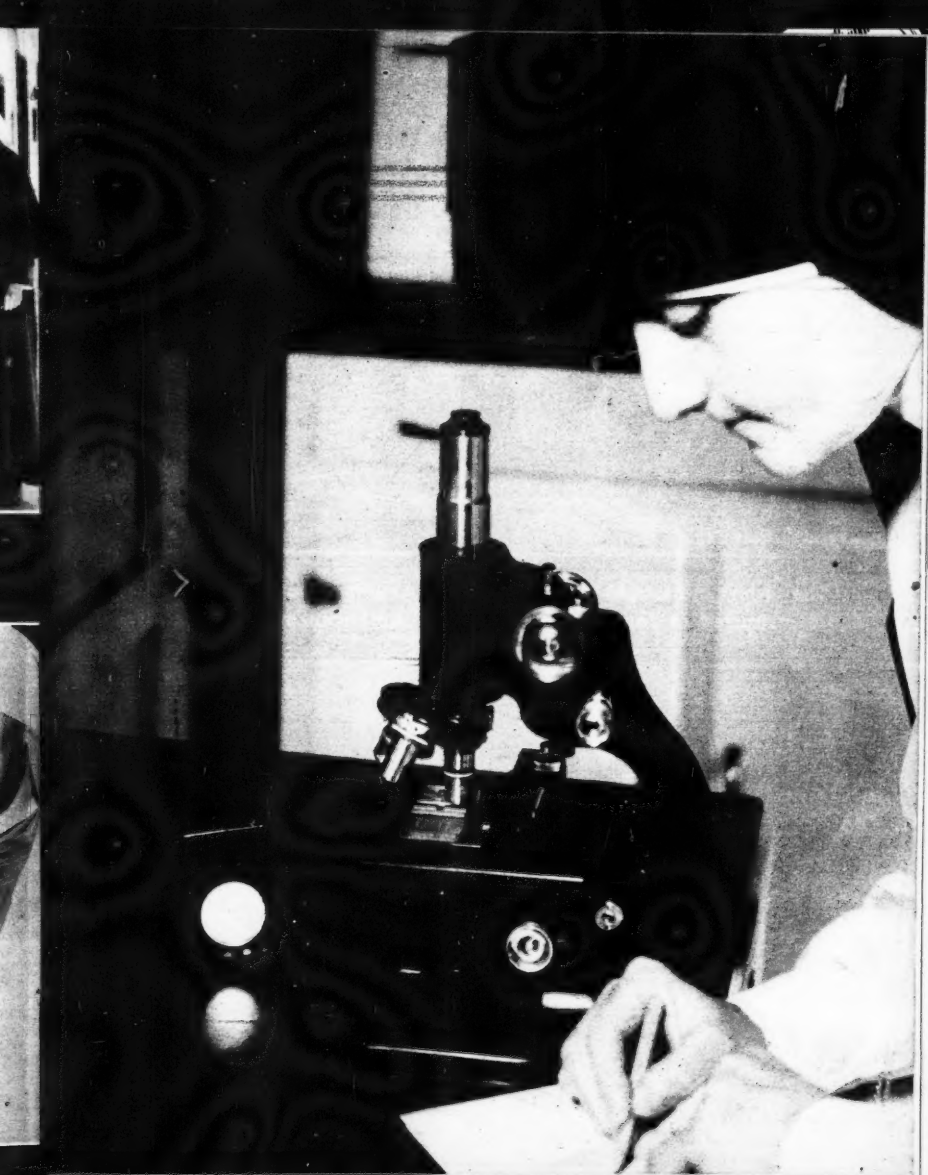
"Every Maryknoll Sister's life is pointed towards the day when she will be presented with a highly prized possession — the missionary's crucifix."



"Sisters come from every walk of life. Some were teachers, doctors, nurses, and office workers; others, high school and college graduates.



"In the novitiate, the intensive spiritual training of the candidate for the religious life is balanced by domestic duties and physical exercise.



"One out of ten Maryknoll Sisters has had training in medicine and nursing. These professions are important means of winning souls to the Church.



"The Sisters are taught languages. Here, American-born Japanese Sisters are instructed in Japanese by a veteran American missionary to Japan.



"In short, special studies and training prepare the Sisters for their mission tasks where every talent is developed for salvation of souls."

The Door

by JAMES G. GREENE

TO THE poor of Bacalar, to own a chair, a set of dishes, or a table is to hold property. The ownership of a roof, walls, doors, or windows is usually the result of a struggle. This situation leads to the story of a Bacalar woman in Mexico, mother of our little friend, Guadalupe.

Although great timber country surrounds Bacalar, and the axe of the lumberjack is busy during the dry season, felling and logging mahogany trees that will be rafted for the long journey down the lake, Bacalar finds itself with scarcely a piece of finished lumber available.

The mother of Guadalupe, a cheerful parishioner of ours, had long lacked doors for her tiny house. Many months passed before she secured lumber, and more months of patient waiting were necessary before the village carpenter finished transforming the planks into a pair of shining doors.

A door can serve many a purpose in Bacalar. It can shut out the torrential rain, the hot sunbeam, the penetrating cold of the tropics. It can block the over-inquisitive gaze of the passer-by. To the poor owners, the door can be an achieve-

ment, even a thing of beauty. It can give added welcome to a visitor, or show the host's chagrin.

One day sickness fell upon a neighbor, and the good mother of Guadalupe offered the poor woman shelter in her house and care for the few lingering weeks of life. The day came when Guadalupe was sent to stay for a short time with her grandmother. Death was expected to come soon to claim the neighbor who had been living in Guadalupe's house.

Death came. And the mother of Guadalupe wondered where the wood for a coffin could be found. She looked at the new shining doors that had been hung but a few days before. They had given comfort and beauty to her poor house. To replace them would call for time, labor, and expense — and certainly a long delay, in that region that had so many logs but so few planks.

The hour for the funeral arrived. The dead woman lay in a shining coffin, in Guadalupe's home. The mourners came and carried that shining coffin through the doorway of the good neighbor's house. And it was a doorway without any doors.

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Jungle Journal

by **RAYMOND J. BONNER**

October 1

THE BISHOP was looking around for someone with a broad back to carry a new load, and his eyes lit on me. I have left my first mission — my first love — Cobija, for denser fields. A group of people who are clearing the forest for farm lands were too far from any village and any church, so the Bishop asked me to accompany the homesteaders into the forest and minister to them.

*October 5

My new congregation is made up of some very fine people. They are simple and sincere. Even though I've been here but a short time, I enjoy working with them. They are scattered all over the region. I'll have to see about getting something like a surrey — with or without a fringe on top — in order to be able to keep in touch with them. Perhaps THE FIELD AFAR readers will help me get the \$300 necessary for the purchase of such a conveyance to carry me to the homes of my people.

October 9

I have been daydreaming about the fine people I left in Cobija — but a missionary should never hang his heart in one place. There are too many fields white for the harvest! Bolivia, for the past five years, has been supplying rubber for bombers. Now that the war is over, there is need to supply food for hungry people. Not as many laborers till the land as should, here. Perhaps, when others learn that the Church is with them, the number of those sowing crops in our excellent soil will increase.

October 14

The people seem to like our little chapel. That is one of the many consolations I have in this new mission — many more than I deserve. Maybe they come as answers to prayer.

October 20

I have learned that the boys in my mission are wondering if they are orphans! The Children of Mary Sodality was established for the girls, and we had a most imposing ceremony for twenty-eight members. All the girls were there — and also their little brothers.

On the way home from the meeting, young Carlitos, who usually accompanies me, was pensively furrowing his brow with wrinkles. He satisfied my curiosity finally with this query, "If the girls are Children of Mary, whose children are we?" Now I'll have to work harder to do something for the "orphan boys"!

October 25

What could we do to celebrate fittingly Our Lady's feast next month? Benigna supplied the answer. She is one of Eve's favorite daughters, who has been looking a long time for Paradise. Her work keeps her busy preparing meals for the small garrison of soldiers here, while she gallantly tries to "choose the better part." Morning after morning she starts her fires, leaves water to boil, and hurries to assist at early Mass. Benigna thinks we should redecorate the statue of Our Lady, which needs a new dress and new hair. It is the custom here to have the statues realistically clothed, bejeweled, and coifed.

October 28

The Children of Mary and the older women are convinced that they must buy or make a *blonde* wig for Our Lady's statue. Nothing else will do! I have tried to assure them that God's Mother was probably a brunette, but they find that hard to believe. Perhaps because their own hair is so black, they see a certain perfection in the unattainable blonde tresses. In only three days, the traditional November devotions will begin. The new dress and jewels are ready for Our Lady's statue, but the hair is still a problem. We must get some — blonde or black.

October 31

A few days ago, I wrote that Benigna supplied the answer to our problem for Our Lady's feast. Today I was invited to go and see the statue, before it should



be enshrined for November. The dress is gaudy, but good; the jewelry is dazzling; and a beautiful head of black, shiny hair surmounts all!

"Who — er — whose —" I began, but I did not need to guess. The women, with pleased smiles, pointed to Benigna.

Shorn lamb that she was, she tried not to be proud of her humility. It must have been a big sacrifice for the little lady, but I know that it was one made with great love. I don't believe Benigna's hair will grow in blonde, but I do not doubt that the whiteness of her soul does come close to matching that of the Virgin Mary's.

TALES of XAVIER

Fictionized incidents in the biography of
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Plagued with seven devils in his head, Wong upset his wife and the household

Gentleman with a Toothache

by CONSTANTINE F. BURNS

WONG was a Chinese gentleman of the old school, who maintained all the customs and traditions of his forebears. He eschewed Western dress, Western medicine, Western music, Western learning. No one ever saw Wong without his proper skullcap and his long gown, his loose trousers tied at the ankles, and his small cloth shoes. Wong bore himself with an aloofness akin to disdain.

The lofty traditions of his ancestors, however, were not destined to survive intact. Of late years the old gentleman had to make concessions even in his own home. Flushed and hilarious grandsons, coming in hot and dusty from their ball games, upset their elder's dignity. Their noise shattered the peace of the house and shook the jade statues in the shrines. Wong deplored innovations, but helplessly had to submit.

One day, however, as Wong sat in the town's schoolroom with his friend,

Professor Lu, there was no disdain in his bearing. Instead, there was an ache in his tooth. The learned physician, skilled in the arts of bile and pulse, had no remedy among all his secret herbs to cure the prolonged and increasing misery of an ancient molar. Wong was unhappily reduced to the level of a common man.

"Professor Lu," Wong said, "my tooth hurts worse than an unkind friend. It will have to come out."

The professor agreed. "Yes," he said. "It will have to come out, all right. But there isn't a Chinese dentist in the town. Suppose I give you a note to the Father at the mission. He will do it for you."

Astonishment covered Wong's face. "What!?" he exclaimed. "That foreigner at the Bamboo Garden?" The old patrician's dignity was offended. "I'd sooner die," he said as he got to his feet. "It doesn't hurt so badly, that I should have it pulled by a common undertaker!"

"Undertaker?" The professor stared. "What are you talking about?" he asked. "Those are strange words."

"I learned about him during the holidays," Wong answered sharply. "I was sitting in the shade of the camphor tree, giving my thrush an airing. Who should come by but the foreigner, carrying a small box. Such work for a gentleman! I was shocked. 'What!' I said. 'You put your hand to manual labor? Why not hire a coolie?'"

"Do you know what he replied? 'Too much bother!' And then he smiled and added, 'Labor costs money.'"

"I recovered my thrush and started home. But around the shoulder of the hill I came upon him again. I saw what he was doing. He was burying a dead baby! With his own hands! It was disgusting."

Professor Lu showed no surprise. "How do you know but that the baby died of pestilence and had to be buried at once?" he asked, shrugging his shoulders. "You say it was during the holidays. Hiring someone then would have been difficult, indeed." The professor pursed his lips. "Labor costs money," he repeated. "That's a fact. Sometimes the missionary doesn't have any money. I know he has been



Father Adrien Arthur Cloutier

DEATH CHOOSES its own time, and man is not its arbiter. On several occasions it seemed as if God were about to call Father Adrien Cloutier to His Eternal Heart. Yet each time he was granted an extension of life. On June 30, however, death finally came, ten days after his thirty-sixth birthday. The immediate cause was a paralytic stroke, which had been brought on by a long history of kidney poisoning.

Father Cloutier was born in Lewiston, Maine, on June 20, 1910. He attended parochial grammar schools in that city. Desiring to study for the priesthood, he entered the *Petit Seminaire* in Montreal. Later, he attended Monfort Apostolic College, Bay

Shore, Long Island, and Holy Heart Seminary, Halifax, Nova Scotia. He entered Maryknoll to prepare for mission work in 1933, and was ordained four years later.

Father Cloutier was assigned to Sacred Heart Parish in Honolulu. There he began to experience the first signs of ill health. Always interested in boy work and in the poor, he was placed in charge of St. Louis Boys' Home in Hilo, and he won the love and admiration of his orphan charges. In 1944 Father Cloutier collapsed while celebrating Mass for his boys. He recovered; but because Bishop Sweeney felt the work was too strenuous at the Home, he was transferred to become pastor at Olaa. In March of this year, Father Cloutier collapsed again, and was hospitalized in Honolulu and San Francisco. He returned to Maryknoll early in June, and was seemingly once again on the way to recovery. Desiring to see his family before undergoing further hospital treatments, Father Cloutier went to Lewiston. While he was there, the final attack came.

without any funds more than once."

Wong was incredulous. "No money? Why, two score patients go to him daily!"

"Is it possible you don't know the situation?" the professor asked. "Most of these patients are poor, and the missionary gives them free treatments."

Wong's eyes opened wide at that revelation. The fact had never entered his head. But all he could do was splutter that he himself did not desire charity.

Professor Lu burst into laughter at the other's dilemma. "I'll go with you," he said good-naturedly. "Come along."

"But I will insist on paying," warned Wong.

As the two men approached the mission dispensary, Father Jones called out a greeting: "Hello, Professor! Please come right in. I see you've brought a friend."

Then to Wong, the priest said: "What is your illustrious name, Old Master? Wong! Why, that is my Chinese name. I am not worthy."

An Old Wisdom Tooth

PROFESSOR LU interposed: "Mr. Wong wants you to pull a tooth for him."

"Gladly, gladly!" the missionary replied, "Please be seated here."

Mr. Wong nervously took a seat in front of the priest. He opened a cavernous mouth and noted the aptness of the missionary's comment: "What a cavity! That must have been paining you severely. You should have come sooner."

In no time the tooth was out. The patient gave a sigh of relief, proffered some money, and continued to be surprised at the missionary's politeness as he escorted his visitors to the gate and bade them call again. Professor Lu walked in silence, feeling that his friend had been impressed. It was Wong who spoke first.

"Knows our language well," he said,

admiringly. "Courteous fellow, too." He nodded his head thoughtfully. "Of course, his government must pay him well."

Professor Lu shook his head. "His government doesn't pay him anything. He pulls teeth, heals the sick, and dresses ugly sores because of God. The Catholics in his homeland contribute the funds that enable him to perform these kind acts."

"You seem to know a lot about this foreigner and his religion," ventured Wong.

"I do," Professor Lu admitted. "But his religion isn't foreign; it is for all the world. My wife and I are going to be Catholics very soon."

Wong was duly impressed. "Is that so?" he asked. "But you are from one of our best families! You are not poor!"

"That has nothing to do with my conversion," the professor said gently. "The missionary does more than pull teeth. He teaches about God, and what he teaches is true. That's why I'm going to be a Catholic."

Wong was struck by the sincerity of his friend's words. It was a moment before he said anything. "Maybe I'll go back and ask that missionary a few questions," he mused. "I must find out what doctrine his religion teaches. I don't wish to have a toothache in the next world and be in a place where there is no dentist! I have much to learn."

Painless Wisdom

IN THE mission dispensary, Father Jones, humming to himself, swept clean the top of the table. An old wisdom tooth that he had just extracted fell into the waste receptacle with an unceremonious clink. The missionary little knew that its removal had made way for the root of a wisdom that would reach up to the painless heights of God, who heals and cures all willing men for all eternity.

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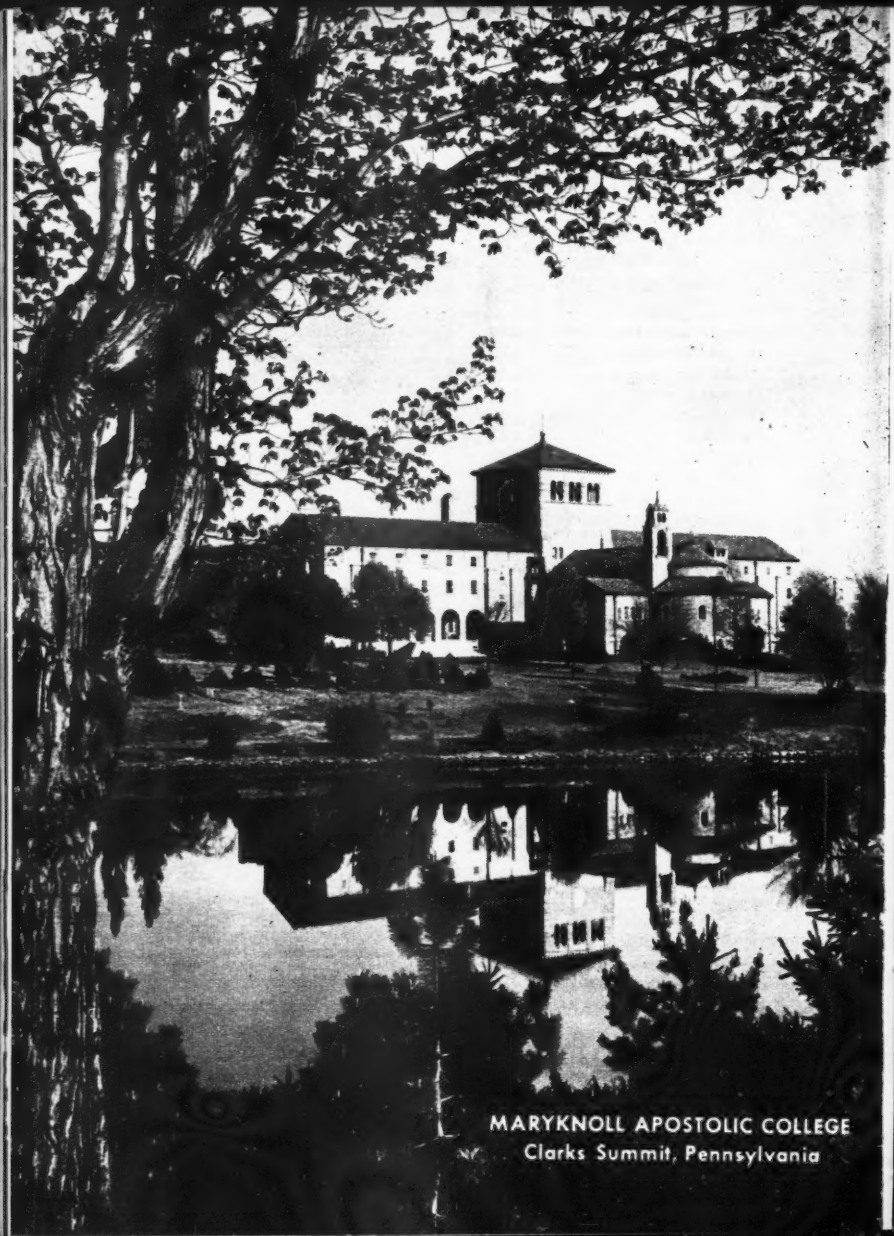
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Hope of the Harvest



NOT LONG AGO, our country was surprised, edified, and delighted by a fleeting glimpse of China's first Cardinal, as he passed through the United States on his way to and from Rome. A true representative of China's best culture, Cardinal Tien made a most pleasing impression by his simple dignity and unaffected good nature. The more-reflective elements of our population must have sensed the great mission triumph that this Prince of the Church embodies in his very person. He is a living proof of the solid progress of the Church in China. What few know — and what all experienced missionaries will rejoice in — is the tribute incidentally paid to the mission work of the Divine Word Society, which produced this eminent leader of the Chinese Church. The missions operated by the Divine Word Fathers in Shantung Province and elsewhere in China have long been regarded as among the model missions of the Orient, and it was from the best-known among them — Yenchowfu — that China's first Cardinal was taken. Long years of expert and difficult labor went into the development of that famous mission — and martyrdoms not a few — but the end has crowned the work.



MARYKNOLL APOSTOLIC COLLEGE
Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania



Maryknoll College students (above) mixing concrete for their swimming pool. Students and teachers (below) watching a ball game. Prayer, study, recreation, manual labor are elements in the training of Maryknoll students.



World Christianity

by JULIE BEDIER

FOR ALL OF LIFE AND
ALL OF THE LIVING

A FEW YEARS AGO, a Maryknoll priest said Mass in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris. A Chinese served the Mass, and three of his friends—an Englishman, an Italian, and a Frenchman—attended. Later, they agreed that their little gathering in the great edifice was symbolic of the fact that a Catholic is a real citizen of the world.

Because of the supranational character of his Church, the Catholic becomes a brother to all men, since there are no international boundaries in the family of God. He must of necessity realize that, because he is a Catholic, the poor of every nation are related to him.

When Saint John the Baptist was in prison, he sent two disciples to interview our Lord. "Are you the Messiah?" they asked. Our Lord answered by enumerating some of the wonders He was working, and let them judge for themselves.

"The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear." He went on to even greater miracles — "the dead rise again." Then came the height and climax of this list of marvels — "the poor have the gospel preached to them." God Himself had to come down from heaven to work such a miracle: to preach the gospel to the poor!

There are different kinds of poverty: not only the economic, but social poverty, cultural poverty, poverty of the mind, and poverty of the soul. The Church, in con-

verting the Pygmies of the forest, living in their little nests of grass and leaves, not only baptizes; she civilizes. In the Jesuit reductions of Paraguay, the Padres took the wild Indians of the jungles and taught them, not only herding and agriculture, but reading and writing and printing. Those missionaries realized that one cannot baptize people, then hit them on the head, and send them off to heaven. It is difficult to preach the Gospel to people who are starving.

Citizens of the World

EVERY man has a right to a fair share of the world's goods, a right to an education, a right to receive the message of Christ. We are citizens of the world, and all men are "other Christs" to us. Our Lord's standard for the final judgment is clear and simple: what we do for others, we do for Him.

Many of us can see this person or that as our brother in Christ — but all men? Most of us have a blind spot somewhere.

Certain persons are zealous only close at home; others like to exercise their zeal only far away. Some like to be holy only in church; they are regular at Mass and the sacraments, but are opposed to the social teachings of the Holy Father's encyclicals. Some people just can't be bothered. Zeal is so disturbing to their comfort!

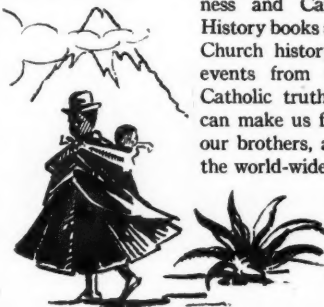
The poor, who by a miracle must have the Gospel preached to them, do live in such unpleasant places! They are found in the city slums; out in the "sticks"; far away in Timbuctoo, Tsingtao, Huehuetenango; in a little Manchu village, whose

name means Twenty-eight Bushels, or on a little island in the Pacific, called Ni-wa-to-pu-ta-bu! It is easier for all of us Catholics to stay close to home, and to deal with the economically well-to-do, who can be so helpful to us; with the spiritually rich, who are so consoling to us; with the culturally rich, who are so pleasant. It is comfortable to sit still and let non-Catholics come to us.

It is easy to condemn or to ignore others who are "different" and to avoid them because we are annoyed by their color, social position, or mental qualities. Children, however, are naturally democratic. They take one another for granted, until they have absorbed race prejudice and exclusiveness from less democratic elders.

At one Maryknoll school in Manchuria, there was a mixed set of children, most of them little blue-eyed, flaxen-haired Russian exiles. But one dark girl, Roddy, was the most popular in school. When the girls went for a walk, Roddy was in their midst, and their arms were about her waist.

"She is so sweet, Sister!" the girls said. And Roddy was a black Hindu child.



Catholic education in World Christianity has as its aim a warm, human sympathy and an understanding of all men as sons of God and our own brothers, as well as the responsibility to promote their welfare.

It is encouraging to note that new textbooks on religion, while losing nothing of their insistence upon personal holiness, are beginning to emphasize world-mindedness and Catholic social thinking. History books should include Bible and Church history, and should view all events from the point of view of Catholic truth. Geography especially can make us familiar with all men as our brothers, and give a good idea of the world-wide Church at work and of

Catholic principles as seen in world affairs. The arithmetic class could familiarize the children with Catholic theories of economics, co-operatives, credit unions, frugal living, just wages, distributed ownership, and the evils of installment buying. Home-making and craft courses should be taught from the viewpoint of the dignity of work and of the individual.

With the recent war directing attention to all parts of the globe, Catholic schools have a golden opportunity to study the Christian citizen of the world.

Any boy interested in becoming a Maryknoll missionary should write to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS

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Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll Priest ☐
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MARYKNOLL WANT AIDS

A Benediction Set of Vestments, needed by Father Good in Africa, will cost \$150. Please help him get it!

Hunting Knife? Of course a missionary has one, when he goes into the jungle in Africa or in South America! It costs \$3 now, and four Maryknollers should be provided with such knives as soon as possible.

The Army Used Them—pictorial aids to explain new and difficult ideas. Chinese learn much faster from illustrated catechetical aids than from books or speech. Sets cost \$6 each. We can use as many as possible, but we greatly need ten sets.

An Old-Fashioned Padre, Father Raymond Bonner, needs a surrey, with or without fringe, for his mission in Bolivia. He can buy one for \$300. See page 38.

Boys Are a Problem, in South America as here; and the solution is wholesome fun, there as with us. A boys' club, which could be set up and provided with a gymnasium and all equipment for \$1,500, would save many generations of Bolivian youth for useful living.

"Man's First Servant"—the horse. Maryknollers in Chile, Ecuador, and Africa must pay \$100 for a horse and \$25 for a saddle, if they are to be able to do their mission work. Will some friend or friends finance three?

Heal the Sick! This was the example set by Our Lord. When you give toward the \$50 needed for medicine in a Maryknoll dispensary in China, you are following His example.

Why Buy an Organ for a mission church?

Well—would your own church be the same without music? We are asked for three organs, to cost \$200 each. Good singing helps the liturgy.

A Chapel Boat, like any other, needs fuel, which must be paid

for. For Brother Gonzaga to operate our boat on the Beni River, in Bolivia, costs about \$100 a month. We reach thousands of Indians who are otherwise isolated, but we must ask aid in financing this important mission work.

Two Better than One. Missioners can multiply their effectiveness by employing native helpers. Chinese or African catechists, at \$15 a month, can teach beginners, freeing the Maryknollers for more advanced work. Why not support a catechist?

"When I Lie Down to Sleep," writes a missionary journeying in Peru, "I'd rest better in this high, cold country if I had a sleeping bag!" Who will buy him one? The cost will be \$12.

Desks for School cost only \$2 each in Peru. But when we must seat 50 pupils, the larger sum of \$100 must be found. Will our friends help us get it?





Maryknoll Mission Needs

Three Chapels, which Father William Collins hopes to build in the villages of his African mission, will cost about \$1,000 each. They will bring the Mass and sacraments to thousands of persons, and they will serve for scores of years. If there is some dear one whose memory you wish to perpetuate, a chapel would be a fine memorial gift.

An Altar Makes a Church. To build a suitable altar for one of Maryknoll's mission churches in Mexico will cost \$200. Several missionaries have requested such altars.

A Thurable for a mission church in Guatemala can be had for \$25.

Maryknoll Annuities enable you to help the missions while you continue to enjoy income from your funds. Write to us for our free annuity booklet.

Most Maryknoll Missioners are so far away that they must use air mail to report to the Center. This costs an average of \$40 a month for postage alone. Will someone underwrite this necessary outlay?

Superman could do it, perhaps; that is, reach 40,000 people, scattered over an area miles and miles wide, in a day, delivering food, medicine, and all the essentials for the Mass and the sacraments. Father James Flaherty will manage it, too, if we can provide him with a truck. It will cost \$1,000 — but it will enable him to do his job in Bolivia. Any gift, large or small, will be gratefully received.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
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Give us this day our daily bread. We Americans can help answer the prayer of millions by practicing mortification and by restraining ourselves in the matter of food, so that there shall be nourishment available for those in other parts of the world who have little or none.

